

FREIGHT TRAFFIC FALLS OFF.

Reduction Due to Decrease of War-time Activities.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—How the slowing down of wartime manufacturing activities has resulted in a

marked reduction in freight traffic, bringing a Government deficit of \$192,000,000 in its operation of the roads for the first quarter of this year, was shown in these figures given out by the Railroad Administration: In last March the railroads recorded 25,552,000,000 "ton miles" of freight as compared with 37,706,000,000 in

March of last year. A "ton mile" represents the hauling of one ton one mile and is a traffic unit. In February the roads hauled 25,681,000,000 "ton miles," as compared with 29,657,000,000 in the same month last year, and in January they hauled 30,382,000,000, or more than the 27,619,000,000 of January, 1918.

'Devil Dog' Top Sergeant Got His Medal by Picking Pansies for Brooklyn Girl

Dan Daly, "Daddy of the Marine Corps," Tells How Easy It Is to Get a Breast Load of Ribbons and Bravery Badges—Yes, He Does—Not.

Top Sergeant Dan Daly, 734 Machine Gun Company, 6th Marines, rammed a shot of plug into the muzzle of his war-worn pipe and yawned wearily.

"So you heard I got a couple of Congressional medals and one of them D. S. C. things, eh? Well, I reckon that's correct. What did I get 'em for? Well, sir, I been tryin' to dope that out ever since they give 'em to me. Guess it was just for stallin' around and mindin' my own business. "Say, how's the Giants makin' out this year? Saw Hank Gowdy on the other side. Some backstop, that boy. "Medals? Aw, forget 'em. Any stiff can go out and win a few medals if he ain't entirely out of luck. I think Johnny McGraw will grab that old flag this year if his pitchers don't go blotto.

"Yep, that's right; I got the D. S. C. at Belleau Wood. I was out there pickin' pansies one day for my girl in Brooklyn and all of a sudden some officers come along and they say: 'Oh, see the poor marine picking flowers all by himself. Let's give this poor guy a medal!' So they drapes the D. S. C. on me before I could stop 'em, and that's how I got it, so help me Bob. If the damn ship hadn't been so damn slow I'd been here in time to see the opening game at the Polo Grounds. I hear Uncle Wilbert Robinson's Brooklyn is out in front. Somebody must have shot 'em full of cognac or somethin'."

The foregoing is a correct and true record of an Evening World reporter's effort to get Sgt. Dan Daly, known among the soldiers of the sea as the "Daddy of the Marine Corps," to tell something about himself and the events which led to his being awarded three medals and recommended for a fourth.

Sgt. Dan is a native of Brooklyn, but he catches only occasional glimpses of his home, which is at No. 1290 Rockaway Avenue. His friends who wish to reach him by mail may simply look at the newspapers and find out where the latest international scrap is going on and address him there. The letters are always delivered.

Dan is said to be the oldest "Devil Dog" in captivity. He joined the

Marine Corps on the 10th day of January, 1889, and has been going strong ever since. He celebrated his forty-fifth birthday on Nov. 11, the day the armistice was signed. The celebration consisted of a trip to Paris for the purpose of "giving over," as he expressed it today.

"I also wanted to give that Eiffel Tower the up and down," he added. "I didn't think so much of it. The Woolworth Building has got it shot to a frazzle."

Sgt. Dan's military career began on Park Row when he was sixteen years old. At that time he had graduated from the newsboy class and was employed by The World as a general handy man. He was sitting on the steps of City Hall, reading a paper in 1895, when an advertisement caught his eye. It mentioned the alluring features of life in the Marine Corps. It pictured the romance of life at sea, with the opportunity of being "first to fight." He fell for the "ad" and became a soldier of the sea.

His first job as a belligerent came in the Spanish-American War and later also the Boxer uprising in China. There he won his first decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In May 1915 Sgt. Dan won his second Congressional Medal of Honor when he rescued an officer who had been severely wounded in a fight with bandits. At Belleau Wood, where the main battle of the war was fought, the former newsboy captured a troublesome German machine gun nest, killing several of the crew and making prisoners of thirteen men and one officer. For this he received the D. S. C. Again, in the Champagne, Sgt. Dan rescued the crew of a French tank that had been put out of action by a shell and which was surrounded by Germans who were waiting with leveled rifles for the men inside to come out.

With two Colt automatics Daly killed several of the enemy and the rest fled. This led to his being recommended for a decoration from the French Government.

Sgt. Daly did not give The Evening World reporter these facts. They were told by his pals in the 6th Marines.

Daly's present term of enlistment is nearly up and he is due for retirement, but he declared to-day that he thought he could stand the game another three years and announced his intention of re-enlisting.

"I'm not married," he said, "and I can't see how a single man could spend his time to better advantage than in the marines. I might get married some day, and when I do I'll quit soldiering for good."

"Life in the corps isn't so bad after you get the hang of things. It would be a whole lot better if it wasn't for all the welfare people that go cruising around trying to save our souls. France is full of well-meaning folks who want to give you something for nothing just for the opportunity to save your soul. Most marines ain't got souls, but them that has don't need to be told how to take care of 'em."

"If these welfare organizations in France would give a man a chew of tobacco occasionally instead of filling him full of milk chocolate and candy and doughnuts, things that put him on the blink sooner or later, they'd be more appreciated."

"I don't believe in all these welfare organizations getting mixed up with the army. Particularly when you've got a scrap on your hands. Every outfit has its chaplain, and he can take care of all the welfare work that's needed. The rest of the workers are in the way, and it's a wonder to me a lot more of 'em didn't get hurt in this last row. Of course it's darn nice of 'em to want to give the boys cigarettes and candy and all that sort of thing, but the average soldier doesn't want anything for nothing. All he asks is that the price be reasonable."

"My own story of how I won those medals? Say, we heard by wireless on the way home that New York has Sunday baseball now. Gee, that's the greatest news I've heard in a long while. It's a wonder some of those light faced people that seem to be runnin' things over here ever let the people get away with anything like that."

"That affair in China? That's a long time ago. That was about the time that Buck Ewing was good, wasn't it? That boy was some catcher!"

Any reader wishing to get Sgt. Daly's own story of his exploits can find him with the 6th Marines. And the 6th Marines can be found at the exact longitudinal and latitudinal spot where the most trouble is brewing.

PERSHING'S BATTLE MAP IS SENT BACK

Commander's Secret Drawing Set Up in National Museum at Capital.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—There is now on exhibition in the United States National Museum at Washington Gen. Pershing's own secret battle map, transported here from his headquarters in France and set up in the museum exactly as it was there.

It was Gen. Pershing's own idea to have the map displayed to the public to show the people of the United States the actual military results obtained by their armies. The map itself shows the location of all divisions, both the enemy and Allied, on the western front, the correct battle line, commanding Generals, location of headquarters and boundaries and various other information concerning divisions, as for example, whether they were fresh or tired. The map was developed and kept posted to date daily.

BRIDE MURDERED, AUTOPSY PROVES; HUSBAND IS HELD

Pennsylvania Hotel Page, Found Dead After 5-Floor Fall, Probably Strangled.

On the assignment of District Attorney Swann, the entire Homicide Bureau is working to-day on the report of Medical Examiner Schultze that Mrs. Beattie Cook Troy, twenty-one, a bride of five months, who was found dead on the pavement under the window of her fifth floor apartment at No. 1455 Amsterdam Avenue early Sunday morning, was murdered. District Attorney Swann ordered that Michael Troy, the young woman's husband, be detained.

Troy, who was an ammunition inspector in a Government plant at Edgewater, N. J., and more recently a caddy at Van Cortlandt Park, was already under detention at Ridgefield, N. J., at the instigation of Sanford Cook, father of Mrs. Troy, who lives there. No charge is registered against him.

Dr. Schultze, after an autopsy, said he found "contusions on the throat indicating that she had been strangled." He declined to say strangulation caused death, or that it was caused by the fall from the window, but told newspaper men there was no question about her death being due to murder.

Information obtained by the Homicide Bureau is that Mrs. Troy and her husband, who is twenty-two, had not been on the most amicable terms recently. She was a page at the Hotel Pennsylvania and her husband is said to have objected to the late hours she had to keep.

Last Sunday, according to Troy, he got home about 12:30 A. M. and found his wife had not arrived. He awakened about 2:30 A. M., he said, to find she had been in but was not in bed. He said he walked to the window and saw her for the first time that morning on the pavement below, with a crowd about her.



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